



1880

Helen B.

Hanley

St. Louis



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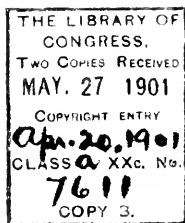
BY

HELEN R. HAMERSLEY STICKNEY

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IN LOVING MEMORY
TO
MY MOTHER

**“All things come of Thee, and of
Thine own have we given Thee.”**

TO MY MOTHER

ONE influence, like some wondrous star,
Has shed its clear, illumining rays
From earliest infancy athwart
And cheered and hallowed all my days.

One name beloved will tell the story,
Ere baby lips have framed another,
Our new-born voices learned to lisp,
In childish tones, the sweet word, "Mother."

.
All that was courteous, generous, true,
She earnestly followed her Saviour's behest ;
With a Heaven-given power, she reigned in her home,
And "her children rise up and call her blessed."

*In every joy she gaily joined,
And oft the gladsome hour beguiled;
In every sorrow had a share,
And comforted her troubled child.*

*Perchance when, in some childish grief,
My pillow with sorrowing tears was wet,
In blithesome way she'd come to me,
And in cheery voice I can ne'er forget,—*

*Like oil on troubled waters spread,—
How oft she tenderly soothed me there,
With words of loving sympathy,
With fond caress or murmured prayer !*

.

*And two of her children are with her in heaven,
Enjoying forever the Saviour's smile,
“Waiting and watching” for dear ones on earth,
While three of us linger here awhile,*

*Trusting and serving our Saviour here,
On this beautiful earth He has given to men ;
And she who first showed us the pathway to Heaven
Will welcome us there to her arms again.*

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“If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts.”

CARLYLE.

No Parting

WE part for a day,
To meet on the morrow,
Our hearts full of hope,
No foreboding of sorrow,
But heavy the heart
And our voice full of tears,
As we whisper " Good-bye "
When we 're parting for years.

Then live, loving soul,
For Him who hath bought thee,
Who tenderly loves,
And earnestly sought thee.
Then cometh a meeting
Which nothing can sever,
For he that believeth,
He liveth forever.

A Christian

I SAT in church and listened,
One peaceful Day of Rest,
When clear I heard
This earnest word,
“ A Christian ’s a man at his best.”

There were other impressive truths
And noble thoughts expressed,
But solemnly
This stayed with me,
“ A Christian ’s a man at his best.”

Time cannot Heal

SADLY they err who deem that time
Can ever heal a true heart-sorrow,
That memories of the " loved and lost "
Shall have no share in " gay to-morrow."

In casket fair, a jewel rare
Hath lain for many a year gone by;
Dost think its lustre aught hath dimmed
Because 't is hid from mortal eye ?

A lute hangs on the homestead wall,
Long hushed its music sweet and low;
Hath its soft tone less power to thrill
Than in the days of long ago ?

Far down in depth of woodland dim,
Unheeded sweetest wild flowers lie;
Dost deem their fragrant breathings fled
Because, unseen, men pass them by ?

Nay, flowers are sweet in woodland deep
As ever by the wayside grow;
The gem as fair, the music's power
No less than in the long ago.

Then say not that the heart forgets;
When bright the eye and calm the brow,
Perchance no memory half so keen
Hath ever brooded there as now.

Yet hope is ours in deepest grief,
And faith to all a treasure given;
Glad with a joy divine we feel
That we shall meet again in Heaven.

Peace

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.—John xiv. 27.

MY soul was filled with a sadness
So deep, yet undefined,
It fell as a darkening shadow
Where'er my thoughts inclined.

I sought in a whirl of pleasure
A glimmering ray of light,
But the shadow deep and deeper
Fell drear as darkest night.

I sought in the haste of travel
The lowering cloud to flee,
But found in the wide world over
No place of rest for me.

I wended my sad way homeward,
Again o'er land and sea,
Till quiet amid the darkness
A fair thought came to me.

Not e'en to words that were spoken
That bright hope can I trace,
So silently came the message
Thro' only a human face.

A face full of restful sweetness,
So peaceful, calm, and bright;
It spoke of a joy so hopeful—
Some unexpressed delight—

That my soul was filled with longing
This secret glad to hear;
The thought sent a thrill of pleasure
Unknown for many a year.

I asked her, eagerly earnest,
To tell her wondrous art ;—
Said simply, “ A Heaven-sent treasure,
God’s peace within my heart.”

And this was the truth I ’d sought for
Those long, sad years ago ;
Then prayed, with all faith within me,
This light for me might dawn.

Till my trust was all in Jesus,
On Him my every care,
And my heart’s deep joy told surely
The “ peace of God was there.”

And the lowering clouds have vanished,
The shadows fled away ;
With Him I have left the future,
To me He gives *to-day*.

God in His infinite mercy
Has bid the storm to cease,
And soft to my troubled spirit
He gently whispers, “ Peace.”

A Sunbeam

A SUNBEAM shot from its home of light,—
One of the countless dazzling rays
That warm the earth with their touch of fire,
That kindle and light our radiant days.

But only a single ray of light,
What was one sunbeam, what think you,
Among the many that glittered and gleamed,
Only one sunbeam, what could she do ?

She shone among the forest trees,
And brought to life a lovely flower ;
She touched the rain-drops as fast they fell,
And there shone a rainbow after the shower.

A woman toiled in her cottage home,
No happy thoughts her day beguiled;
The sunbeam kissed her troubled brow,
The woman looked up from her work and
smiled.

A man in grief—well-nigh in despair—
Spent sleepless nights, his days in pining;
The sunbeam shone through the rifted clouds,
Hope rose when he saw the “silver lining.”

She was first to rise o’er yon mountain peak,
And light the traveller on his way;
She was last to leave her rosy touch
On sunset cloud at close of day.

She melted away the cloud and mist,
And gladdened the little ones at play;
She cheered the hearts of all she met,
And brightened the room where the sufferer lay.

And joyfully on her way she sped,

And her Maker saw that her work was good.

Hath each not a gift that used “ In His Name ”

Would win the reward, “ She hath done what
she could ” ?

A Mystery

NINETEEN hundred years ago,
Waving its branches to and fro,
A giant tree in a forest dim,
Dark and tall, in its aspect grim,
Seemed to moan and slowly sway,
As though with mystery it would say:
“ I have a mission dread and drear ;
In me are mingled hope and fear ;
What it is I cannot say,
But all the world will know some day.”
And men they shuddered and women wept,
As they heard the wind which gloomily swept,
Until one day the great tree fell,
And the sad sounds ceased in that darksome dell,
For the tree that had groaned with mysterious
force
Became the wood of the one TRUE CROSS.

A Human Heart

A SENSITIVE thing is a human heart,
A tender and delicate thing;
Like an instrument rightly attuned it yields
To the touch like a tremulous string.

Perchance thou can'st touch with marvelous skill
Troubled hearts that are weary and sore;
'T will bring comfort and balm like a heavenly
psalm,
Or a melody loved of yore.

Let all the harmonies be God-given,
Use thy talent for Jesus' sake;
Strike not with a touch that is harsh and rude
A blow that might bid it break.

There are tuneless, sad, and silent hearts
That need but a touch of thine,
To ring out—'t is part of thy work in life—
In melodies all divine.

Many hearts are thine to gladden and cheer,
Then faithfully do thy part,
And tenderly, gently, and lovingly
Deal with a human heart.

The Old, Old Story

TWO stories, old and ever new,
I thought upon them both one day,
And pondered why in all the earth,
Where myriad names have had their birth,
Two only, and with one accord,
One title claim, and hold the glory,
Strong and sweet, of Old, Old Story.

I thought, then, of the Holy Word,
And of the oft-told Sacred Tale,
That wondrous truth, God's love to men.
And I thought of human love, and then
Tenderly came the meaning true,
The reason this, both were born from above,
For love is of God and "God is love."

Sympathy

TELL me first what the breezes say
When, breathing softly to and fro,
They bring to mind what you cannot speak,
As they gently, tenderly fan your cheek.

Yes, dear heart, if you 'll tell me this,
Then I will tell you what sympathy is.

Ay, tell me first what the perfumes say,
Perfumes of roses and violets,
More subtle far than you can express,
Fraught with a meaning no mortal can guess.

When in language of earth you tell me this,
Then I will tell you what sympathy is.

When you listen to music your heart loves best,
Exquisite melodies, harmonies true,

Can you measure the pleasure your whole being
fills ?

Can you tell the delight that deliciously thrills ?

When you can express your rapture in this,

Then I can tell you what sympathy is.

And how did you feel when the wondrous glow,

Revealing a truth unknown before,

Came to your heart when first you knew

You returned a love that was noble and true ?

When you can express that unspeakable bliss,

Then I will tell you what sympathy is.

One thing we know, the source is divine ;

This wonderful power, this sympathy sweet,

True, holy, and pure, no product of earth ;

Yes, think as you will, 't is of heavenly birth.

Why try to define what 't is hopeless defining?

As well might you weep for the cloud's silver

lining.

Two Rings

ON my hand two rings: one sparkles and
shines,

A beautiful diamond, radiantly,
In perfect purity and depth,
Like to the love that gave it me.

The other, a single circle of gold,
That marks upon my earthly way
The happiest years my life has known,
Placed there upon my wedding day.

Happiness

I SAT and mused
As soft twilight
Passed into night.

'T was in the balm,
When speaks my rhyme
Of summer-time.

And gentle thoughts
Of peaceful kind
Came to my mind.

What blessings rich
And full, I thought,
The day had brought.

And happier still
The day that 's past
Than was the last.

Thus may it be,
Dear Lord, I pray,
Till dawns that day,—

Day that, now veiled
In mystery,
Bears me to Thee.

A Merry Heart

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

Proverbs xvii. 22.

A JOYOUS peal of laughter
Fell merrily on the ear,
Rang out so blithely, cheerily,
It did one good to hear.

'T was in the balmy springtime,
And, floating on the air,
Out through the open casement,
It cheered a sad heart there.

Like a light to hopeless seamen,
Resigned with life to part;
Like the kiss of a loving mother,
It soothed her stricken heart.

It spoke of hope and gladness
To her soul that lonely even;
Of a brighter, happier future,—
It spoke to her of Heaven.

Looking upward with new courage,
Scales fell from her blinded sight
After that clear, sweet laughter
Rang out upon the night.

But the maiden, all unconscious,
Ne'er came to her ken or sight,
Nor dreamed 't was a Heaven-sent blessing,
Her merry laugh that night.

“Learn of Me”

ONE morning as I knelt in prayer perplexed,
And deeply pondering o'er advice and
words

Of other Christians, true, devoted saints,
This sudden came to me: “ Upon you take
My yoke and learn *of Me*.” The last two words
Were more than mortal, not like human voice,
Yet clear, decided, like a voice apart,
Yet not a voice. I knew within my soul,
The Lord Himself had spoken words of cheer
To comfort and to teach His child. Since then
Those words have stayed with me, so true and
strong:

Be ever Thou my Guide, teach me Thy will,
And draw me where Thou wilt. Where'er it be,
“ *Thou* knowest the way I take.”

To W. H. F.

A WOMAN of lovely visage,
Sweet eyes of heavenly blue,
Bright, beautiful eyes revealing
A soul large, loving and true.

And a mouth of wondrous sweetness,
Of exquisite shape and mould;
Hair softly waving and curling,
Fair hair, with a touch of gold.

An expression of radiant gladness,
Bright intellect, womanly power;
A sympathy confidence winning,
In joy or in sorrow's sad hour.

Figure and carriage so queenly,
Rare grace of manner withal,
And a glorious gift of singing
Holds captive within its thrall.

A spirit so blithe and merry,
So joyous and bright and gay,
Like the gleam of a glancing sunbeam,
Cheers everything on its way.

But not to what earth calls pleasure
These treasures of God are given,
But, increased tenfold, are offered
Again to the God of Heaven.

And thoroughly has she tested
The tempting pleasures of earth,
And found them as dross, compared with
The gold of the heavenly birth.

A character pure and noble,
Such freedom from wilful sin,
That tells of her trust in the Saviour,
And speaks of the God within.

And her life draws nearer to Jesus
As heavenly blessings descend,
More faithful her ministry loving
To family, husband, and friend.

Unselfish, forbearing, forgiving,
Surrendered to God alone,
Her peace flows deep and unruffled,
Her watchword, "Thy will be done."

And among the high or lowly,
In God-given strength from above,
Winning others to follow her Saviour,
Her work and labour of love.

Most richly has God rewarded
Her constant and earnest aim,
And souls have departed breathing
Warm benisons on her name.

And Jesus, who gives the increase
To prayerful and true endeavor,
Will surely fulfil His promise,
“ Shall shine as the stars forever.”

And I know one day the tidings,
The day when life's race is run,
With rapture will thrill her whole being,
The words of her Saviour, “ Well done.”

Prayer

TRUTHS we have heard since earliest childhood,

Learned when so young that we scarcely could talk,

Lessons if heeded would lead ever upward,

As we tread onward earth's perilous walk.

One precious lesson our dear mothers gave us,

All over Christendom, everywhere,

Is lovingly taught each son and daughter,

This wondrous blessing, the power of prayer.

Nothing too small for the great God to answer,

Heeds He not even the young sparrow's fall ?

Even " the hairs of our heads are all numbered " ;

Surely He 'll graciously hearken to all.

Nothing too great, if in faith we ask pleadingly,
Seven times seventy, time after time;
Repent, He 'll forgive, receiving thee lovingly,
Dark be thy error, though blackened to crime.

Breathe but a prayer in the name of the Saviour,
He who alone the dread wine-press trod,
Marvelous marvel, 't is heard in the Heavens,
Heard by the loving, omnipotent God!
Fear not the answer, but wait for it patiently,
Be not dismayed, though 'neath chastening
rod,
Trust on, for the blessing is hovering o'er thee,
“ *All things* work for good to them that love
God.”

Praise and Thanksgiving

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,
let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. iv. 6.

“ **A**SK and receive,”
 ’T is pleasure and duty,
 But only a part
 Of prayer in its beauty;
 Whenever our hearts in homage we raise,
 Let us lovingly render thanksgiving and praise.

Praise and thanksgiving
 In everything,
 With hearts overflowing
 Triumphantly sing,
 And this triple song to the Trinity raise,
 Thrice blest supplication, thanksgiving and
 praise.

The Needed Chord

All things work together for good to them that love God.—
Romans viii. 28.

I N every heart there is music,
When touched by the Master Hand;
In every life is melody,
Sad, joyous, plaintive, grand.

And marvelous the harmonies
That to human lives are given,
So rich, so full, so glorious,
We know they came from Heaven.

But should there be a minor chord,
And fraught perchance with fears,
A quivering tone that saddens the heart,
A sound that is full of tears,

Dread not,—'t is the touch of the Master;
But list to the wondrous strain
Of tender pathos that follows
And rises to sweet refrain.

And know that whatever the changes,
Trusting soul, that may come to thee,
Be sure 't is the one chord needed
For God's perfect harmony.

Sonnet

THE Lord has given man talents manifold,
Large powers of intellect and soul and will,
Our lives and other human lives to fill,
If only in His own great strength we hold
It day by day, as slowly 't is unrolled,
This wondrous faculty, this Heaven-sent gift,
Mankind to higher hopes and aims to lift
Unto a sphere of peace and bliss untold,
Unknown to those who know Him not. We find
It mockery, and worse, so to mistreat
A gift as to dishonor Him who gave ;
This were a grave discourtesy when assigned
'Twixt mortals when they send a greeting meet ;
Then serve thy God, be not the devil's slave.

Moral Courage

THERE are men, do you know them ? of
sinew and nerve,

Who in battle with courage would fight with the
foe,

But are cowards, and worse, and cringingly
yield

To the fear of pronouncing the little word,
“ No.”

There are battles to fight that are greater by far
Than are found 'mid the carnage and terrors of
war.

Ah, the fear of mankind “ that bringeth a
snare ” !

How many the men, and the women as well,

Who are piteously weak when temptation assails,
Who their heavenly birthright seem willing to
sell ;

And yielding to evil, of folly a tool,
They sink till they die, “ as dieth the fool.”

“ With every temptation a way to escape,”
True, tested, and tried is this wonderful Word,
And we know that His “ grace is sufficient ” to
save

From terrors far worse than of fire and sword.
Trust Him in temptation however appalling,
And His promised power will keep thee from
falling.

A Scene on Shipboard

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MY FATHER, JOHN W.
HAMERSLEY, ESQ.

'T WAS on one of the vessels that ride the sea
 'Twixt the Old World and the New,
Where a group of men sat and talked the while,
 And the converse eager grew.
Perchance they all could claim their birth
Each from a different place on earth.

But louder and louder grew the talk,
 As the great ship ploughed the main,
But, sad to relate, there were blasphemous oaths
 Repeated again and again ;
And one among them could not rest
And listen to oath and unseemly jest.

His was a noble, commanding mien,
And his heart within him burned ;
As he rose alone among the men,
All eyes toward him were turned ;
And he said, as they listened with one accord,
“ I believe in Jesus Christ our Lord.”

No word was uttered, no sound was heard,
Silence fell on the people there,
Till one grasped the speaker's hand and said,
“ To say that I did not dare.”
A storm soon broke, the blasphemers then
Proved cowards, and brave were the Christian
men.

Two kinds of Fear

TWO kinds of fear sway the hearts of mankind,
Two motives their actions rule;
The one comes from Heaven, true, manly and
pure,
The other of evil the tool.
For “ *he who is noble fears to do wrong* ” ;
Christian fear is fearless throughout ;
While those of base sort who in evil delight,
“ *The ignoble, fear being found out.* ”

Ruined Talents

MARK you, I 've seen bright minds, like
precious gems

Fresh from their Maker's hand, not only hid,
But marred and sullied and dragged down and
scarred,

When oftentimes they might have shone like
stars

In Heaven. Pause, foolish soul ; thy duty were,
Ay, and delight, to polish day by day
Thy precious gems, until by God-given power
They brighter grow, till fit their lustre were
To grace a deathless diadem in Heaven.

Every Age Has its Charm

I SAW little children brimful of glee;
Their joyous prattle made glad the hour;
And I thought, as I watched their guileless play,
There 's a subtle charm in childhood's power.

I marked a maiden of beauty rare,
Admired and sought for, her nature to please;
She won with a charm I can never forget,
With her loveliness, grace and exquisite ease.

I saw a woman, she was in her prime,
A majesty sweet and a cheerful calm,
Blent with a beauty of feature and form,
Grown nobler with years, undiminished her
charm.

Then a face “ full of years,” but so tender and
sweet,

Her life might have been like some heavenly
psalm,

Mingled perchance with a minor strain ;

And I thought as I mused, “ Every age has its
charm.”

**“Life Should Be Grander and Nobler as
Time Goes on”**

LIFE should be deeper,
Life should be grander,
Life should be nobler as time goes on.
Go look at the streamlet that flows from its
source,
Its rippling, unceasing, circuitous course.
As eagerly onward and swiftly it flows,
Ever broader and deeper and fuller it grows,
Till you mark a great river in majesty roll,
With a force and a current past human control,
Enriching green shores with its swift-rolling
tide,
And ships ride with ease on its fair waters wide.

Your life 's ever flowing as swift rolls the stream,
And perchance carries with it what you little
dream.

Are other lives brighter because you pass by ?
Higher, truer, and better because you are nigh ?
Are you nearer your Saviour ? Your life show
His praise ?

Acknowledging Jesus in all of your ways ?
Then your life, as you look at the days that are
gone,
Must be grander and nobler as time passes on.

Three Smiles

I SAW her, a little child at play;
When she turned her eyes to mine,
As she frolicked and sang the livelong day,
Her smile was as glad sunshine.

I saw her later, a maiden now,
As at festal board she shone,
Or gracefully moved 'mid admiring throng,
And her smile had more brilliant grown.

I saw her again, a woman fair,
Years had fled since I saw her last,
And I read in her eyes an "oft-told tale"
Of the time gone into the past.

She had learned there was something sweeter far
Than the show and glitter of earth ;
That in Jesus forever to trust and abide
Was the life of eternal worth.

And I marked as I gazed in her soul-lit face,
And how gladly that look recall,
As she gently and lovingly looked in my eyes,
That this smile was the sweetest of all.

Christmas

I N the far-off Orient land,
In the land of the early dawn,
A man owned a lowly stable
Where a Baby Boy was born.

As he stood at his stable door,
And gazed on the midnight fair,
A sound of heavenly music
Came floating upon the air.

Sudden ceased the distant strain,
When swiftly upon the road,
Who are these, at this midnight hour,
Approaching the humble abode ?

They are shepherds advancing swiftly,
With hasty and joyous tread;
They enter the lowly stable,
And kneel by the manger bed.

One night, as he mused and marveled,
And stood gazing upward afar,
Sudden appeared in the heavens
A new and beautiful star.

Oh! “wonder of wonders,” it moved
With a steady, effulgent ray,
Until it stood over the spot
Where the new-born Infant lay.

And he marks three men approaching,
And by their garb and age
And royal demeanor, he knows
The King and the Eastern sage.

They are coming with treasures laden,
With speed and exceeding joy,

And entering seek the manger
Where lies the Baby Boy.

They open their kingly treasures,
And he marvels to behold
They are gifts for the Infant Child,
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

Then, wonderful to relate,
Men fall before infancy!
And low at the Baby's feet
They worship Him reverently.

Then he learns the great "good tidings,"
The joyful and glorious news,
That in his lowly stable
Was born the "King of the Jews."

O Jesus, thrice-blessed Redeemer,
May never Thy praises cease!
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace!"

And to-day, to the God Triune
Who in that manger lay,
May we bring our heart's best treasures,
On this, His natal day.

And while through the wide, wide world
His gladsome praises ring,
Let us wait that unknown hour
To welcome our coming King.

New Year

1893

THE sky was clear, and the moon shone
bright

On the city streets at dead of night,
When an old man walked with a boyish sprite.
The steps of the old man feebler grew,—
'T was the Old Year parting with the New.
On they walked; the bells in the great church
tower

Began to strike the midnight hour;
They passed a house; there was dancing within,
As they saw the Old out and the New Year in.
Said the boy, “ This the end of your strife and
pain ? ”

And the old man sighed, and sighed again ;
But the bell chimed on, in the frosty air,
And still they walked, the hastening pair,
Till they came to the church with belfry gray,
Where the bells were passing the year away.
They entered, and many were gathered there,
'Mid a holy hush on their knees in prayer ;
And the old man smiled, and smiled again
As an angel bent o'er the parting twain.
The last stroke struck, the Old Year has gone,
And the angel kissed the New Year morn,
And a blessing fell on the people there,
As they joyfully passed from the house of
prayer.
Can you wonder a spirit of heavenly cheer
Rested glad on their hearts in that bright New
Year ?

New Year

1894

NOISELESSLY, swiftly, the Old Year is
passing,

Pause and consider whate'er it has brought;

Think of it carefully,

Ponder it prayerfully,

Passing before thee in visions of thought.

What were thy dreams when it opened before
thee,

What the refrain that thy memories sing ?

Art nearer the portal

Of mansion immortal ?

Was thy bearing befitting the heir of a king ?

Farewell to the Old Year, seek grace for the New,
Pray the prayer thou hast uttered again and
again,

And His be the merit,

From whom we inherit,

“ And the power and glory forever, Amen.”

Christmas

1895

And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—
Isaiah ix. 6.

“ **W**ONDERFUL, Counsellor,” wonderful
name,

Wonderful thought with the prophecy came,

“ The Mighty God ” is the Child we adore,

So spake the prophets long cycles before.

“ Everlasting,” He lives, the Father of all ;

With the wise men of old we worshipping fall.

There floats down the ages the last sweet refrain ;

The Heavenly Host repeat it again ;

“ Peace on the earth,” may the song never cease

Ascending forever to Christ, “ Prince of Peace.”

A New Century

MIDNIGHT peals in the belfry tower,
As it nightly does on the dear old earth,
The same in name,
Yet not the same,
For to-night it marks a century's birth.

One hundred years! a thrilling sound.
As the clock strikes twelve we hold our breath;
Speak it carefully,
Meet it prayerfully,
Each stroke foretelling a century's death.

Perchance none living who saw the day
When the dying century had its birth,

Yet our noble sires,
Lit quenchless fires
That burn undimmed in hearts on earth.

Many were born and lived and died,
And never have seen a century dawn;
Warm hearts may thrill,
Bright eyes may fill
With memories tender of days that are gone.

Ay, let us thank God for what has been,
And joyfully welcome the century's birth.
May faith increase
Till time shall cease
And God creates the "new heaven and earth."

The First Easter Morning

I LOVE to think of the morning,
That "first day of the week,"
When laden with sweet spices,
The women came to seek
The form of their buried Saviour,
But found the empty tomb,
And with gentle words the angel
Sought to dispel their gloom.

But the Magdalene, still troubled,
Went sorrowing on her way,
In the Arimathean garden,
Till a kind voice bade her stay.
And amidst her grief and anguish

Her love and foreboding fears,
“ Tell me where thou hast laid Him,”
She cried through her bitter tears.

He spoke but one word, “ Mary,”
In well-known accents sweet,
And with one glad cry, “ Rabboni,”
She fell at Jesus’ feet.

The Magdalene found her Master,
And lingered by His side;
Shall we, too, cry “ Rabboni,”
This blessed Easter-tide ?

Christ in You

JUDGE NOT

A SOOTHING, comforting thought,
Surely at God's behest,
Came sudden and sweet to me,
A thought of peace and rest.

That Christ, like the sun in heaven
Illumining all our days,
Is the source and centre of light,
And Christians the countless rays.

If many a ray is sent,
In ways that are unlike thine,
Judge not: they 've the selfsame source,
And no less brightly shine.

But with this proviso great,
That Christ be found in thee,
And thou in Christ, this thought
Came like sweet balm to me.

And it still rings in my heart,
Like a deep-toned bell it sings;
If a chord respond in thine,
Thou knowest the peace it brings.

One Unkind Word

ONE word was spoken, a single word,
As two women sat together;
Their talk had been of the lightest froth,—
Their neighbors' affairs and the weather.

A word was uttered by one of the twain,
A word that was bitter and hard;
Perchance it was only thoughtlessly said,
When carelessly off her guard.

And the word flew on from lip to lip,
Like an arrow that wends its way,
An arrow sharp, with a poisoned tip,
Till in somebody's heart it lay.

Not long in that heart of fairest fame
Had the arrow rankling lain,
When a kind hand sought to tear it away,
Too late, for the man was slain.

And the woman heard her thoughtless word
Had ruined a character fair;
Her sorrow was keen as her poisoned dart,
And she uttered this fervent prayer:

“ Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth,
Keep the door of my lips from ill,
And when tempted to stray may I hear and obey
Thy whispered, ‘ Peace, be still!’ ”

Driftwood

I SAT by the fire and watched the flame
Of the driftwood brightly burning;

From one to another the varied tints

Like magic were swiftly turning.

I felt that each flame had its tale to tell,

And in fancy I listened to hear it well.

One morn they set off in a sturdy ship,

These pieces of driftwood burning,

And for years they bravely rode the waves,

Nor ever homeward turning,

Till a raging storm broke over the main,

And the brave ship sank, ne'er to rise again.

“ But we broke and drifted away with the tide,”

Said the driftwood brightly burning,

“ Till we found ourselves on the crest of the
wave,

And slowly home returning,
And we bear a message from over the sea,
Which the brave ship gave us to bear to thee.”

Then the pale green flame spoke of Arctic seas,
Clear as ice it was in its burning,
And the bright blue color, of Arctic skies,
As the flames were deftly turning;
And the indigo spoke of the furious storm,
That was cold and dark as the flame was warm.

The smoke then told of the surging wave,
As it rose from the driftwood burning,
And the red it spoke of the “ Mighty to Save ”
For the souls ne’er home returning,
Then the yellow told of the calm at even,
And together, a rainbow, the glory of Heaven.

Clouds

I MARKED a cloud that slowly sped
Far off in depth of ether blue,
One and another together joined,
Until to mammoth size it grew.
Again I raised my eyes on high,
And lo, it covered all the sky.

Think not 't is nothing when thou see'st
A little cloud athwart the soul;
Breathe quickly to the Lord in prayer,
Trust Him to make Thy spirit whole;
Swift, Satan from thy soul will fly
And leave it clear as cloudless sky.

A Cloud

I SAW a cloud,
It upward rolled,
A little child
Could have foretold
It meant a storm,
In direst form.

When suddenly,
Not as I feared,
The sun shone out,
When disappeared
The tempest dire,
The lightning's fire.

I saw a cloud
Rise in a soul,
By human hand
Beyond control,
When quick as light,
'Twixt storm-clouds, bright
And sweet the while,
There came a smile.

Upward

AS a bird soars on high
And joyfully sings,
Think beautiful thoughts
Of beautiful things;
And you 'll marvel to find
What gladness it brings.

As eager the wayfarer
Stooping to drink,
From a life-giving spring
When ready to sink,
Finds health in the waters
That gush to the brink;

Go learn from the waters
That spring up on high,
And follow the song-bird
That soars to the sky;
Borne up by the Spirit,
To you will be given
Thoughts holy and pure
That rise into heaven.

A Winter Scene

AS swift we sped, I marked the scene,
The trees with leafless branches bare,
A well-known sight each winter brings,
But lo, a lesson written there.

Despair not, when a life thou see'st,
Cold, unresponsive, sterile, bare;
Long it may be like leafless tree,
Till warmed to life in summer air.

Ay, God is good; in His own time,
Look for the foliage rich and fair;
Trust on, thy heart may yet be cheered
Beyond thy fondest hope and prayer.

A Violet

A VIOLET in a crystal heart,
It tells its own sweet tale,
With speech more eloquent than words,
For words, they sometimes fail.

It speaks of a day gone into the past,
But mingled with no regret,
For it still shines on in this heart of mine,
That day I can never forget.

Would you like to hear what it said to me,
That day I shall never forget ?
You never will know till you learn the speech
Of my dear little violet.

“ Question daily all your powers.
To whose cup can you add a pleasure ?
Whose path can you make bright with
flowers ? ”

SOME words, dear words, to me were given,
Words from a loved one now in heaven ;
They come like a well-remembered strain,
And my heart echoes the refrain.

To question daily all your powers,
Whose path can you make bright with flowers,
To whose cup can you pleasure add,
What gloom dispel, what heart make glad ?

No talent rare, but given to each,
No royal boon beyond our reach ;
Yet royal still if God fulfil,
And His the power, the work, the will.

A Railway Journey

AS swift we speed o'er hill and dale,
O'er field and flood, on glistening rail,
Through hamlet, town, and city street,
All flashing, dashing at our feet,
A living panorama flies,
And myriad thoughts within me rise.
I think upon the hamlet life;
Perchance the turmoil and the strife
One sees and hears 'mid city throng,
'Twixt good and bad, 'twixt weak and strong,
'Twixt mean and generous, foul and pure,
May there be rife in miniature.
And as my eye looks quickly higher,
It falls upon the village spire,

From earthly toil and earthly sod,
Pointing forever unto God,
Unfalteringly true 't is seen
Rising amid the living green,
Temples, though made by human hand,
All mutely eloquent they stand.
I think then of the countless host
“ The temples of the Holy Ghost,”
Endued with power God has given;
Do we forever point to heaven ?
Temples that by Divine decree
Have life and immortality.

A Thought of Heaven

TRUE INCIDENT OF A LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR YEARS

A LITTLE girl, dear to my heart, and I
Together were wending our way

Over one of the old familiar roads,
At the close of an autumn day.

Oft had she heard her loved mother had passed
From this earth, and a home been given
With Jesus, and to her young mind the skies
Were her one idea of Heaven.

She gazed at the far-distant sunset clouds,
Admiringly showed them to me,
And said, " Dear mamma must see them so well,
She is so much nearer than we."

And I, who with sayings of clever men
Have many an hour beguiled,
Have found in them oft less beauty and grace
Than the thought of that little child.

To Mrs. Bella Cooke

DOWN through the lattice
Each sunny day

The golden rays

Shine cheerily ;

Over the lattice

Each sombre day

The storm-clouds

Lower drearily.

Within the lattice

A sweet face lies,

And you never would dream,

As you look in her eyes,

That day and night

She had suffering lain

For many long years
On a couch of pain.
Like a bird from afar,
Her heart ever sings,
And her words are of Heaven
And heavenly things.
And daily she lists
For the Master's "Come,"
For earth is but fleeting,
And Heaven her home.
In her radiant face
There 's a restful calm;
'T is "the peace of God"
That no fear or alarm
Can swerve from the path
Of patience and rest;
With always the trust
That "God knoweth best."
And many in want,
Or in despair,

She has led to the light
Through heartfelt prayer.
Full many a soul,
When their faith grew dim,
She has tenderly, lovingly,
Led to Him;
And many a one
Through this saint of God,
In that "upper room"
Has found the Lord.
I count 'mong my mercies,
Again and again,
The inspiring words
From that bed of pain.
She holds ever upward
A beacon light,
And brighter 't will grow
Till faith becomes sight.
So she waits for the Bridegroom,
Her lamp burning clear,

While she lists for the cry,
 “ Behold, He is here! ”
When her task is done,
 And her work laid down,
What glories will shine
 From her starry crown!
The reward will be hers,
 The reward that is meet,
When her life-work is laid
 At her Saviour's feet.
And the joyful “ Well done ”
 To her will be given
In her mansion prepared
 'Mong the chosen in Heaven.

The Dreaded Path

SHE dreaded a path that was rugged and
rough,

And hard to tread, she had heard them say,
As she followed " God's leading " with single
eye,

She knew that her path would lie that way.

Trusting, unflinching, she followed her Guide
Through night and darkness while storm-cloud
lowers,

Now she nears the path, the day dawns bright,
And lo, the way is strewn with flowers.

Thus oft it passeth, O trusting soul,
But know what path to thee is given ;
If smooth and bright, or darkly sad,
'T is best. and leads to Christ and Heaven.

Forgiveness

SHE sinned a sin, and on her heart
It sorely weighed from morn till even,
Till lo, a voice of sweetest cheer :

“ Repent, doubt not, thou art forgiven.”

Ay, “ Leave those things that are behind,”
Press on to thy desired haven ;

“ Fret not, trust on,” He saith to thee,

“ Repent, doubt not, thou art forgiven.”

Washed pure and white as spotless snow,
Through Jesus' blood made meet for heaven,

“ Amen and yea ” His promises,

“ Believe, doubt not, thou art forgiven.”

My Garden

I WALKED in an exquisite garden,
Plucking flowers here and there,
And I found that to me it was given
For that beautiful garden to care.

Such delight did I take in my garden,
Its richness and varied hue,
As I gazed on each beauteous blossom,
To my eyes it fairer grew.

But e'en as I looked at my garden,
And drank in the fragrance shed,
Some of the loveliest blossoms
Fell withered and faded and dead.

And keen was the pain I suffered ;
I wept, and my heart's deep cry :
“ These were some of my fairest flowers,
And wherefore should they die ? ”

Long after I found sweet blossoms
Had grown near that fount of tears,
For the Owner knew that showers and dew
Would be needed in future years.

And I saw the heavenly wisdom
That wrenched my flowers away,
That other parts of my garden
Might be tended and watched each day.

And He 's taken these exquisite flowers,
And others in mercy has given ;
But I 'll see them again, more glorious far,
In our Father's garden in Heaven.

Tears

WE hear a pitiful story,
Unbidden the tear-drops rise,
Or a tale of some noble action,
And a mist comes before the eyes.
We have tears for our keenest sorrows,
That threaten, but cannot destroy,
And tears—thank God for the fountain—
In our sweetest, our rapturous joy.

The Language of the Heart ; or, A Musical Myth

[The thought is taken from Jean Paul Richter]

I N the German Fatherland
A beautiful myth is told,
How mankind with fond request
Sent a messenger trusty and bold
To Jupiter, great, majestic,
On the fair Olympian height,
Where he graciously hearkened to all,
From his throne of power and might.

The messenger spake right humbly :
“ Great sire, a message,” quoth he,
“ I bring from the sons of earth,
And an answer I crave from thee.

“ Deep feelings we have, great sire,
Words can but express a part,
Feelings of love, or of sorrow,
When heart would speak to heart.

“ I beseech thee, give us the power
To tell out our joy or mirth,
Feelings of anguish or longing,
Grant this to the Sons of Earth.”

The messenger eagerly listened
With doubt and foreboding fears
While Jupiter calmly answered,
“ Remember, I ’ve given you tears.”

“ Not enough,” cried the messenger boldly ;
When sudden, on listening ears,
Fell a burst of melodious rapture,
The music of the spheres.

Quoth he, “ I will give you music.”

“ ’T is enough, ’t is all I seek ”;

And since then, from his inmost being,

Man’s heart has learned to speak.

The Oldest House in the Town of Nantucket

BUILT IN 1686

THERE 'S a homestead old on Nantucket
Isle,

The oldest house within many a mile,
Built by one of the Island's well-known sons,—
For his daughter, so the story runs;
To whom he gave it with love and pride,
“ To have and enjoy ” when a youthful bride.
It is strong with oak and with shingle and beam,
And as you wander you muse and dream,
And list to thrilling tales of yore,
That back two hundred years and more
It then enjoyed a great renown,
For 't was the talk of all the town.

From the fireplace huge with its ancient crane,
Up the quaint old stair and down again,
From the gable roof to the "latch-string out,"
Of the nooks and crannies we hear about,
From "bridal chamber" to "keeping room,"
Tales from the cradle to the tomb
Are told us. Tales of hopes and fears:
Of the wife, a bride of sixteen years;
The husband obliged at sea to roam,
Leaving his young wife in her home,
Fled for her life, and with her child
Found refuge from an Indian wild;
They show a tiny window, high,
Whence she could see the passer-by,
And stepping up, perchance, tiptoe,
Tell whether man be friend or foe,
And whether if she heard a knock
'T were wise to ope the sturdy lock.
Preserved long years from Indian rage,
Our heroine lived to a green old age.

To this brave young mother, an honored race
Their lineage old to-day they trace.
Yes, "honour to whom honour" is due,
Honour to ancestors stanch and true;
And as we look back from age to age,
Thank God for a "goodly heritage."

The Bell-Buoy at "Mosher's Ledge,"
Buzzard's Bay

A MUSICAL sound, and sweet in its sadness,
Strange, lonely, and weird, yet mingled
with gladness,

It rings as it tosses and rocks on the sea,
While the voice of the wave joins plaintively.

When the mariner heeds, it means safety from
danger;

Unheeded, destruction then threatens the
stranger;

Ever ringing its message far over the wave,
Of sadness or gladness, to warn or to save.

The Forest of the Lord

KNOWEST thou the luxuriant olive tree,
As we 've seen it many a time,
With its gray-green, sombre, dusty hue,
In the beautiful Southern clime ?

Surrounded by beauty, but none of its own,
'Neath the bluest Italian skies;
But yielding a fruit of abundant growth
That the world-wide nations prize.

Like many a Christian, to outward view
With no beauty, but as he derives
From Christ his life, he yields himself
To nourishing other lives.

The sombre pine is content to rest,
Deepest hued in the lordly park,
But its life-giving breath is eagerly sought
In the depths of the forest dark.

God gives beauty and fragrance and charm
To the myrtle, the bridal tree;
And an ideal grace to the glorious palm,
Royal emblem of victory.

Then comes a branch both pliant and firm,
Fraught with suffering, grief, and fears;
In the willow there breathes "a song without
words,"
That droops as with falling tears.

Then weave them together with strong, strong
boughs
Skilfully, firmly, and well;
And make it a booth of the pattern of God,
Where the Master will love to dwell.

A Weed

“ O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us ! ”

—BURNS.

A WEED in the garden, it grew and grew,
While all were amazed at the owner, who
Allowed it to grow and flourish there,
While all around it everywhere
Beauty and symmetry reigned supreme,
And the garden was like a fairy dream.
But the owner walked in his garden fair,
And seemed not to know the weed was there.
When at length the ugly thing had spread
Till it reached the neighbor's garden bed,
Then, for the first, the owner saw
What every one else had seen before.

“ How can my neighbor leave,” he said,
“ That hideous thing in his garden bed ? ”
When lo, he marked that there had grown
A weed just like it in his own ;
That there in his garden’s richest mould
It even had a firmer hold ;
Then he had it uprooted with might and main,
Never to grow in his garden again.
Perchance many a fault we fail to see
Till we find it in others glaringly.
Let us know ourselves, be our faults what they
may,
And let the great Gardener take them away.

The Evening Hour

THE morning hours, pure, bright, and clear,
All buoyant with returning life,
Give toiling hand and busy brain
Fresh impulse strong to join the strife.
But give *me* as the sun descends in power
The cool of the day and the evening hour.

The noon-tide hour its radiance flings
O'er field and forest and boundless sea,
The earth, like the sun, in its zenith of strength;
But for beauty unspeakable give to me
The time that appeals to my soul in power,
The cool of the day and the evening hour.

Which is the hour that lovers love best,
As quietly sitting side by side,
Each feels full well what the heart would say,
Is it oft'nest at morn or high noon-tide ?
Nay, rather those moments of soft-wooing
power,
The cool of the day and the evening hour.

When is it we list to the sweet bell's chime,
As the Angelus rings out three times three,
When wondrously near and attune with God,
We think on the Holy Trinity ?
Though ceaseless in prayer, does not soul-
stirring power,
Thrill deeper still, at the evening hour ?

As we watch the stars glimmering one by one,
And the moon lights the earth with mystic
grace,

And words fail us to speak our heart's deepest
depths,

Whatever surroundings, wherever the place,

What soul does not love, with unspeakable
power,

The cool of the day and the evening hour ?

Walk in the Spirit

I.

L ONG years had I lived in the Spirit,
When once in a quiet hour,
Where a few true souls were gathered
More I heard of the Spirit's power.

The lesson came from the Book,
Full of messages dear and true,
And the words fell in accents clear,
And fraught with a meaning new.

Then the words, " If we live in the Spirit,"
Sweet text it had always been ;
But mark the sequel, dear one,
" Let us also *walk* therein."

Not enough to *live* in the Spirit,
But *walk* in His wondrous power.
Did you ever hear the lesson
I learned in that quiet hour ?

Walk in the Spirit

2.

WOULD you know more of the lesson,
In that quiet hour I heard,
Of walking in the Spirit,
Taught through the Holy Word ?

The secret lies in abiding,
In surrender of self and sin
To Jesus, thrice-blessed Redeemer,
And always looking to Him.

Then comes a peace all-pervading,
The world cannot take from thee ;
And our glad lives prove the promise,
God giveth the victory.

Alpine Flowers

THERE are flowers that bloom in Southern
clime,

Where only warm, soft breezes blow ;
While others thrive in cool, clear air,
And one little flower grows under the snow.

Pure and white on its Alpine height,
Like to its own soft, snowy bed ;
And another blooms on Alpine hills,
In contrast rich and rosy red.

And man will scale a dizzy height,
And dangerous feats will do and dare,
If only one soft, tiny flower
Reward his deed of prowess there.

God's ways are not thy ways, O man,
And short the vision of mortal eyes ;
He knows where'er thou best canst grow,
Like Alpine rose and the eidelweiss.

The Evening Star

I SAT beside a running stream,
Its waters softly, swiftly flowing;
I looked toward the glorious west,
I gazed above the mountain crest,
And marked the red clouds brightly glowing.

I sat and gazed as one entranced,
As one awakening from a dream,
When vanished slow the clouds afar,
And o'er the crest a single star
Shone fair and radiant in the stream.

And as I gazed I mused the while;
I thought how many phantoms fair

In human lives seemed bright to view,
Ere long like clouds, unreal, untrue,
Grew faint and vanished into air.

With longing eyes I sought the star,
And read a lesson true and sweet;
Silent I gazed into the stream,
Fearing it was an idle dream,—
The star lay shining at my feet.

Then fearlessly I raised my eyes,
And clear and pure that summer even,
Emblem of all that 's good and true,
It shone afar in the ether blue,
Like a peerless gem in the distant heaven.

And gratefully I went my way,
Peace in my heart, joy everywhere;
No clouds,—and as I gazed afar
My eyes were lifted to the star,
My heart to God in praise and prayer.

The Spanish-American War

A LION powerful and noble lay,
Conscious of strength, yet thoughtless of
full force,
Till lo, a fierce and angry beast of prey,
A tiger, furious, and with thirst for blood,
Took for its victim one of its own kind,
But young, and utterly unfit to cope
With the strong beast that oft tormented it;
And when the younger sought to try its strength
In self defence, and thus to hold its own
Against a persecution worse than death,
Sprang pitiless upon its weaker foe
In deadly combat. Then the lion rose,
And with a righteous indignation strong

And deep, and with terrific force as great,
Rescued the weaker animal. Meanwhile
The other vanquished, weak, and wounded lay,
After a struggle fierce and brief.
Perchance, strife might have been averted and
 instead
A friendliness, deep and profound, have reigned,
Had it not been for cruelty and crime,
That hand in hand felled low the arch of peace.

Our New Home

ONLY an instant a threshold to cross,
We take the first step, a moment we
pause,

And muse on the future that there hidden lies,
And day after day will unfold to our eyes.

All known unto Thee, though hid from our
gaze,

And Thou who hast lovingly fashioned our
ways

Wilt care for our future; all Thine may it be
Till the last threshold crossed will find us with
Thee.

The Song that "Sings Itself"

OF all the poems you gather,
Taken down from your library shelf,
You will surely find one that you cherish,
'T is the song that "sings itself."

The song that you welcome and treasure,
The song that is sure to please,
As it floats from one heart to another,
Singing soft with melodious ease.

You will find it will seem to enchant you
Like some strange, mysterious elf,
With a sweet, undefinable power,
The song that "sings itself."

Gifts

THERE are hands with the gift of a master,
As they touch the instrument's strings;
The music thou 'lt hear if thou listen
In great and in smaller things.

I am thinking of two great masters,
Who play on the heart at will:
While Bret Harte touches a single chord,
Dickens sweeps the whole harp with skill.

“ Neglect not the gift that is in thee,”
So speaks the great Holy Word;
Perchance will some thought be given thee
Ne'er before by mortal heard.

Something to bless or to brighten,
To soothe or comfort the heart ;
Thou knowest in the human orchestra
Each is given a vital part.

Thine may be of melodious richness,
Or but here and there a note
Of the full, soul-stirring symphony
That the great Composer wrote,

That fills the world with its music.
Each mortal, so play thy part,
With the skill thy Leader gives thee,
That 't will prove an immortal art.

An Old-fashioned Garden—Brookline,
Mass.

A DAINTY house of beauty quaint,
An old-fashioned garden where hollyhocks
tower,

And deep-hued peonies, many a flower,
Make a picturesque sight at this sunset hour.

And in the garden a maiden walks,
Graciously sweet in unconscious power ;
She gracefully goes from flower,
Watering each at this sunset hour.

Years pass, and again that house we see,
And the old-fashioned garden again in flower,
But the maiden—gone. Had she learned the
power

She used all unconscious that sunset hour ?

A Banquet

I SAT one eve at a banquet,
The talk was merry and bright,
Till a man let fall
Words that fell like a pall,
Words that I may not write.

I felt I could not be silent
And let such words pass by ;
Then I calmly spoke,
And the gentle folk
In their hearts I knew echoed the cry.

In sorry excuse he uttered
That he meant it not, God forbid ;

Had he known, in truth,
I was Christian, forsooth,
He had not said what he did.

O man, mistaken and foolish,
That spake the unworthy word;
Far beyond it soared
That banquet board,
Knowest not that in Heaven 't was heard ?

A Trio

THREE sisters lived in days of old,
When earth was in its infancy;
A trio all divinely fair
Were Music, Art, and Poesy.

Thus Art and Music fondly spake:

“ We ’ll with our loving sister share
Our gifts, and surely from this day
Earth cannot own a thing more fair.”

Her own sweet cadence Music gave,
And flowing numbers; generous Art
Gave power to paint in glowing words
Scenes that can never leave the heart.

Thus stands sweet Poesy to-day,
As radiant as her sisters twain,
Beloved in happiness or grief,
A smile for joy, a tear for pain.

For ages past, this trio fair
Has cheered and gladdened many an hour,
Has held spellbound the souls of men,—
The world itself has owned its power.

A home in well-nigh every heart;
They dwell in closest sympathy;
And every nation homage pays
To Music, Art and Poesy.

A Tribute

FROM my heart I pity sincerely
Whoever that soul may be,
That 'mid treasures of sage or of poet,
Ne'er revelled in ecstasy.

Who never has wandered delighted
In volumes of prose or rhyme,
Enraptured with visions and fancies
And myriad thoughts sublime.

Had they but tasted these waters,
This spring which ceaseless flows,
Amid scenes of delicious enjoyment,
Through regions of tranquil repose,

They surely would find rich enjoyment
Among pages rarely dight,
Their hearts with fervor responding,
With ever increased delight.

But when with the power of accent,
Expression, and thrilling tone,
Are spoken those masterly pages,
As with magic touch they have grown

So wondrously fair to our fancy,
They seem with new meaning fraught
As we mount spellbound and enchanted
Higher height of exquisite thought.

Well we know how we listen with rapture,
While pulses beat heart with heart,
To great thoughts, a skilled voice to interpret,
Fair sisters of Nature and Art.

As these newly discovered treasures
 Their glories great unfold
We are captured by mystical fetters
 From mines of poetic gold.

Like a scene we have known since childhood,
 But only at eventide,
When sudden disclosed to our vision,
 In glorious noonday pride,

Revealing in every detail
 Undreamed-of beauties there,
While others we scarcely heeded
 We now find passing fair.

And we hear all the ages whisper
 The selfsame hopes and fears
That have stirred *our* inmost being,
 And caused *our* smiles and tears.

And we find in the thrilling cadence
Warm poet-hearts have known
There trembles with deep-felt power
An answering chord in our own.

To the myriads Heaven has gifted
A wreath I gladly twine,
And with grateful heart this tribute
Lay tenderly at their shrine.

Translated from the Spanish

LEAVES gently and quietly fall from the trees,
And lightly are tossed by the soft summer
breeze,

But Life's dear illusions with which we must part
Alas! are leaves wrenched from the tree of our
heart.

Now

WAIT not till the days are longer,
Wait not till the tide is stronger,
Hear and obey,
Make no delay,
But work “ while ’t is called to-day.”

Wait not till the shadows lengthen,
Wait not till your powers strengthen,
Your course to trace
And “ run the race,”
As you need, God giveth grace.

If no labour lies at your hand,
And you ’re waiting for God’s command,
Still ’t is His way,
“ Trust and obey,”
And watch and wait and pray.

Faithfulness

IF you find a soul, an immortal soul,
That knows not the truth that has set you
free,

Go tell him of Jesus, “ mighty to save ”;
Go tell him He died for him and for thee.

Or if tempted and sinning he ’s wandered away,
Away from the road to the pearly gate,
Go speak of the Saviour who loves and forgives;
Delay not the word till it be too late.

Life's Voyage

THE sea gaily laughs and plays with the sun,
As over the waves we glide,
And anon the great billows dash madly and fierce
As we bound o'er the wild, rushing tide.
As in life we ride swiftly or lightly the crest,
Is our barque ever nearing the Haven of Rest ?

Each wave makes one less in our ocean of life ;
Slow or swift the billows may run ;
But whatever or from wherever the wind,
It often goes down with the sun.
And not every barque is permitted to sail
In the moonlight soft of life's evening pale.

Blessed be the barque the Great Mariner guides,
O'er a calm or a stormy sea;
If He be at the helm, in safety we 'll reach,
Whatever the danger may be,
Morn, noonday, or sunset, whichever is best,
Or beautiful moonlight, our Haven of Rest.

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